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BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

# Puck

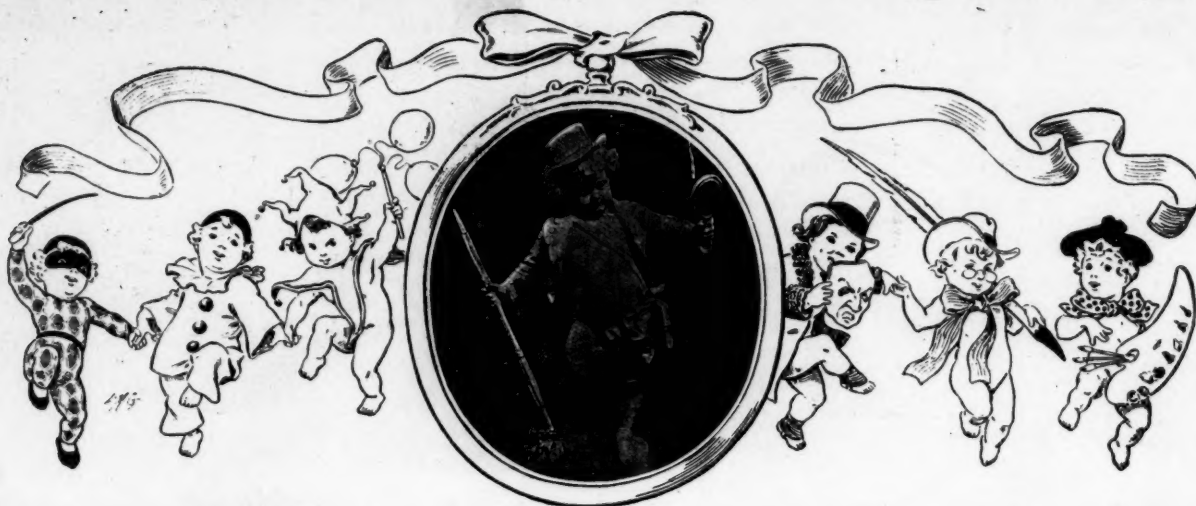
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**TIMES HAVE CHANGED.**

THE WINE AGENT.—Gee! When Mark was alive I opened a case a minute.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
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PUCK  
No. 1641. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1908  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance

### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

**I**F YOU want to name that baby after the next president, and don't care to wait until November for the christening, just call him William and let it go at that.

ANY CONTRIBUTIONS by the Steel Trust to Mr. Bryan's campaign funds will receive the widest publicity, while railroad donations to Mr. Taft will be strongly featured, with photographs.

WE TAKE it that a "dog lover" is one who screams against the order to shoot unmuzzled dogs and, when going away for the summer, turns the house cat adrift to starvation and maltreatment.

THE ATTITUDE of Tim. Woodruff toward Hughes' renomination does more to show Woodruff in his true light than anything he ever did or said before.

THE COMPTROLLER of Trinity Corporation, replying to "charges of neglect, run-down tenements, unsanitary surroundings," etc., remarks that Trinity property is subject to the laws of the city. We dare say. But if Christ were in charge of Trinity Corporation would he be satisfied to keep just within the law? As we have observed before, there is a wide opening in this world for a religion founded on the preaching and practice—especially the practice—of Jesus Christ.

A SOUTH CAROLINA Bryanite professes to have seen the face of the Peerless One in the clouds two nights in succession. That is nothing. Charles F. Lummis told us the other day that, coming east from California, on the night of the day on which Taft was nominated he saw the face of William in the gibbous moon, as clearly cut as if done with a die; and not only Lummis saw it, but the colored porter, and the Pullman conductor, and the train conductor, and the whole damfamily. But swear not by the moon! Still less by the mutable clouds.

MILLIONAIRE WALSH of Colorado says that "the West may not know Mr. Sherman, but it will hear of him before November." Anything the West may wish to know about Mr. Sherman it can find out from Mr. Cannon, who gives "James" his orders.

A DEADLY PLAGUE, Berri-Berri, has broken out in New York gubernatorial politics. Starting in Kings County, it may spread as far as the state convention, if strong measures are not taken by Health Commissioners Roosevelt and Taft to stamp it out.



COMPLIMENTARY TO TAFT.

"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BILL! WE KNOW YOU DON'T MEAN IT!"

WITH THE wind blowing from every quarter it is no easy task to skipper the Republican cup defender this fall. It is especially difficult to trim the sails so as to catch the east wind and the west at the same time—so difficult that, of course, it can't be done.

IT MAY be observed in passing that the Hon. Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia is now four years older than he was when folks figured he was too old to run for Vice-President.



# PUCK



## PLEASING POSSIBILITIES.



WHEN the afternoon is lagging  
On its slow way toward the dusk,  
And with wilted spirits sagging  
You feel useless as a husk  
And as dry, you get to thinking  
You might find a little cheer  
In the slow and quiet drinking  
Of a little nice cold lithia water.

When the golden sunset's faded  
And dusk's turning into dark,  
Leaving you still awful jaded  
And away below the mark,  
Then a feeling of suspicion  
In you's likely to begin  
You could better your condition  
With some seltzer, limes and ice.

And when time comes for your resting  
From the day's toil, on your couch,  
You are certain you're not jesting  
When you say you think your grouch  
Would relax its awful fetter,  
That you'd not feel near so bum  
And you'd sleep a whole lot better  
For a slug of demon apollinaris.

W. L. W.

## THE VALUE OF MONEY.

"OH, YES," replied the millioned matron, "we make a point of allowing our boy pocket-money regularly. Every week his papa hands Bobby \$1,000 in small change, — fifty's and twenty's. It's only a trifle, but do you know, it teaches him the value of money? He isn't quite ten years old, yet he manages his little revenue with a great deal of foresight. It would amuse you to hear him try to beat down a justice of the peace who is fining him for having killed somebody with his automobile. Yes, we insist on his paying for luxuries out of his allowance. We buy his automobiles, but the fines he has to take care of himself."

THE under-dog wouldn't have much hope only that there inevitably get to be so many of him.

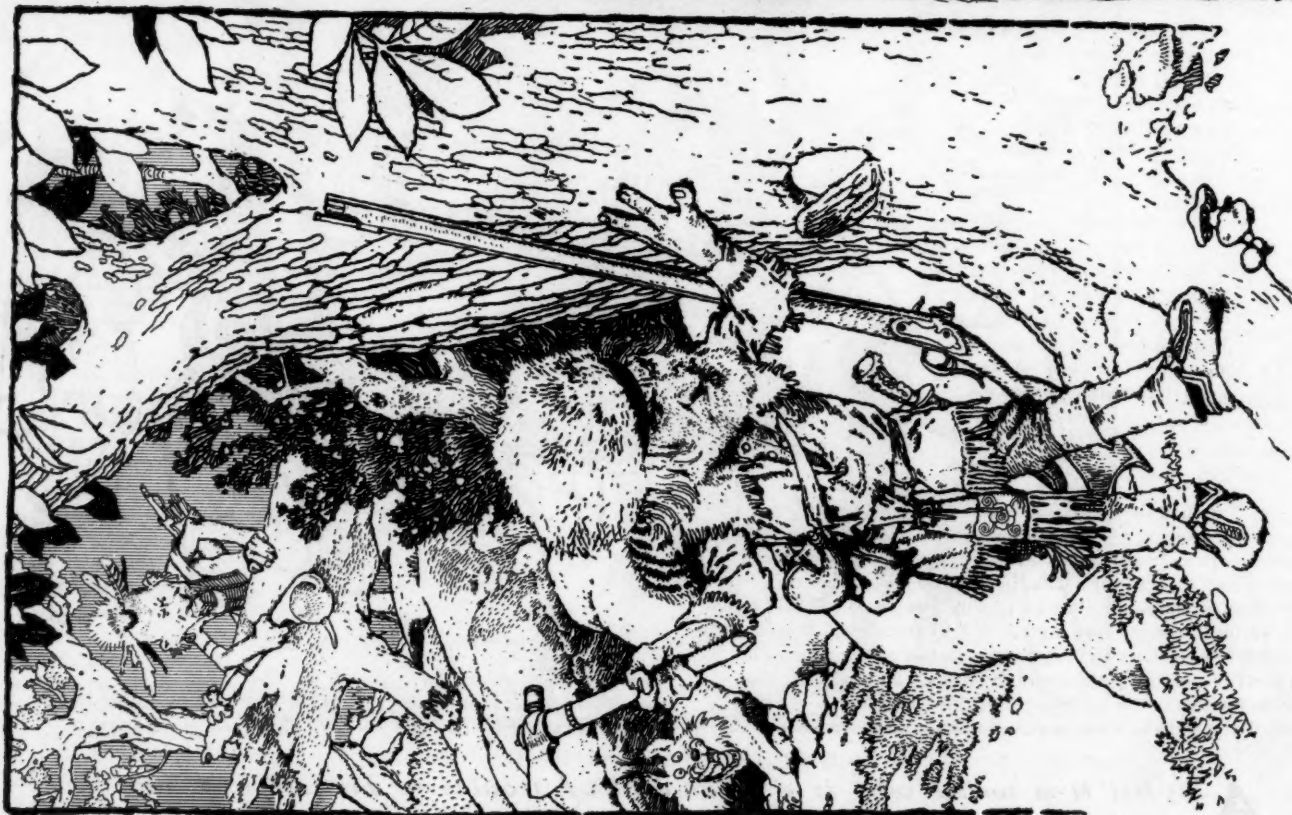


## NEW YORK IN 2000.

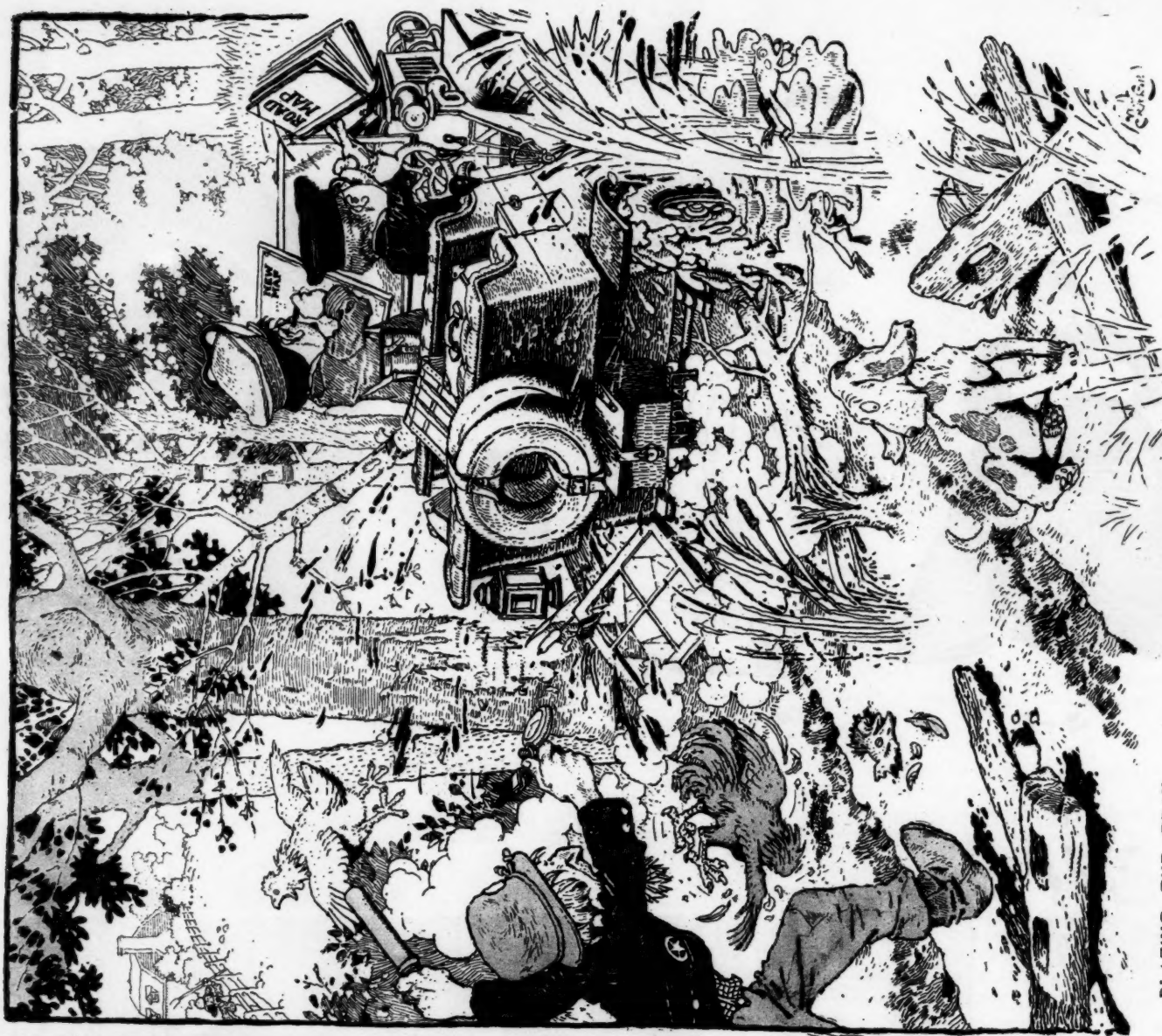
STRANGER. — What's the excitement over there?

CITIZEN. — Greatest discovery of the age! Workmen digging into the concrete and iron strata have just come upon a vein of real dirt!

**A** stylist is a writer who is a great deal of trouble to himself and, incidentally, to his readers.



THEN —



BLAZING THE TRAIL.

— AND NOW.





THE INDIVIDUALISTS.

(On the Morning Express. Four commuters occupy two seats turned to face one another. They hold a dirty card-board tray on their knees; and one of their number is assorting two mixed decks of soiled cards.)



MR. ERIE.—Gracious, Billy, you're slow with those cards. We'll be in Jersey City before we're ready to play. You must have been up late last night.

MR. LACKAWANNA (*grumpily*).—I was. My wife made me go to that fool masquerade, because she thought everybody else in town would be there.

MR. MORRIS.—That's reason enough for a woman. What one does, all the rest must do, just

through a snobbish desire to be seen—

MR. ESSEX.—Whether it's outrageous hats, or ridiculous clothes, or senseless parties—

MR. ERIE.—And with no consideration in any case for the money involved.

MR. LACKAWANNA.—Well, it seems to be a real tyranny they are obliged to submit to. Thank God, we are free from it! Your deal.

MR. MORRIS.—By the way, I wish you chaps would look in on my new office. I'm in the Mars Building.

MR. ESSEX.—Stiff rents, aren't they?

MR. MORRIS.—Yes; something awful. One block to the east similar floor space yields seventy-five per cent. less. But my trade mostly settled in the Mars Building—

MR. LACKAWANNA.—Of course, it wouldn't do for you to be anywhere else. Hearts.

MR. ESSEX (*after the hand is played*).—You missed one trick on the diamonds. Say, Tom, have lunch with me to-day?

MR. ERIE.—Thank you, with pleasure. At the old place?

MR. ESSEX (*regretfully*).—No. I've had to join the Noon-Tide. One hundred dues and one hundred and fifty initiation, and the table not half as choice as Baccata's! I hated to give him up, but so many of my competitors joined the club that I had to. No trumps.

MR. MORRIS (*after the play*).—Are you asleep, Billy? Why didn't you go on with the clubs when you cleared them?

MR. LACKAWANNA (*excitedly*).—Don't you know who passed us just now? That's that pirate Barriman! The greatest—

THE OTHERS (*with respectful awe*).—Was that Barriman!

(*Mr. Lackawanna is exonerated and they play the next hand.*)

MR. ERIE (*inquisitively*).—Who's that bowed to you just now, Jim? Didn't you see him?

MR. MORRIS.—I saw him all right. I want to cut him.

MR. ERIE.—What's the matter with him?

MR. MORRIS.—Why, I saw him strolling along Wall Street yesterday in his shirt-sleeves.

MR. ERIE.—It was pretty hot yesterday. Ninety-five at three o'clock.

MR. MORRIS.—That doesn't matter. Office coats cost only three or four dollars. You know, I believe there are some conventions we are bound to respect. No trumps.

(*Flouted Dame Fashion flees in the opposite direction.*)

Layton Brewer.

ARISTOCRACY.

RENEWED PROPOSALS looking to the reduction of New York's 400 to a 300 serve to remind us that an aristocracy is by the terms of its existence a diminishing quantity.

Figure it for yourself.

By the instrumentality of matrimony alone a 400 becomes a 200, provided all the marriages are made in heaven; and if this contingency be too much to count on, in the face of a persistent demand, on the part of a powerful press, for first-page scandals, we may still believe that there will be a shrinkage of at least 100.

Again, statistics show that the average marriage, at that altitude, is productive of .8972 and some odd decimals of a child. Putting down the marriages at 200, then, we have the 400 reduced, in one generation, to a 179.44.

True, the provinces have hitherto made good the falling off, by yielding acceptable recruits, but are the remaining possibilities of copper-mining, etc., etc., equal to keeping this up indefinitely?



FROM NOW ON.

"Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow."  
—Longfellow.

Ramsey Benson.

SILAS.—College has improved Henry's boy a whole lot.

HIRAM.—That's right, Silas. Why, when that boy gets to talkin' I just have to shut my eyes to think it's a regular book-agent.

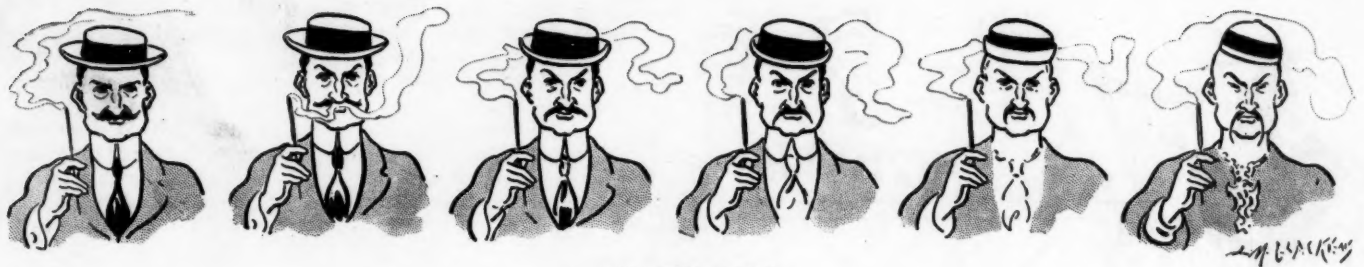


THE CRYING BABY.

A SCENE IN THE MILLENNIUM.

**M**ore men have been self-undone than have been self-made.

# PUCK



## A YELLOW PERIL.

WHAT THE ANTI-SKEETER JOSS STICK DID TO MR. POMPTON LAKES.

### THE DAILY STATEMENT.



**REPORTER.**—Well, what did the presidential candidate do to-day?

**SECRETARY.**—He woke up at six o'clock, to the dot.

**REPORTER.**—And then he dressed, I suppose?

**SECRETARY.**—Yes, that's right. Then he dressed.

**REPORTER.**—Going down to the river he took a cold plunge into the clear waters followed by a rub down?

**SECRETARY.**—Certainly. That's it exactly.

**REPORTER.**—What next? After he dressed again—

**SECRETARY.**—Well, you can say that he spent an hour reading the Bible. That will help carry the church vote.

**REPORTER.**—Then I suppose he ate breakfast?

**SECRETARY.**—Yes. After breakfast he went out in the fields and pitched hay for half-an-hour. This in itself should make every farmer his friend at election.

**REPORTER.**—I have it down.

**SECRETARY.**—Coming along the road he stopped and talked to a group of negroes for several minutes, laughing heartily at their quaint humor. You might mention that the candidate is very fond of the colored race.

**REPORTER.**—Go ahead.

**SECRETARY.**—After changing his clothes he drove to town in a carriage and delivered an address at the dedication of an old soldiers' monument. The veterans cheered him lustily.

**REPORTER.**—After the dedication?

**SECRETARY.**—He had a long conference with several of the prominent labor leaders. The candidate is a staunch supporter of the working classes and if elected will do everything in his power to protect their interests.

**REPORTER.**—What next?

**SECRETARY.**—Several well-known capitalists called upon him and he discussed the stock market and the business outlook. Be careful to mention this, as we are anxious to let the money classes know that he is with them.

**REPORTER.**—All right.

**SECRETARY.**—Then he seized his gun and rushing into the piece of woods in the rear of his home shot a few squirrels. This ought to get the vote of every true hunter.

**REPORTER.**—I have made the note.

**SECRETARY.**—Lunch was served.

**REPORTER.**—Did he have a good appetite?

**SECRETARY.**—Certainly. Then he walked to the village barber-shop and got a shave. The candidate does not believe in shaving himself. He thinks that the barbers should be patronized.

**REPORTER.**—Yes.

**SECRETARY.**—On his way home the candidate dropped in at the "Three Corners" and had a glass of beer. Don't play that too strong, though. We merely want the liquor interests of the country to know that we are not against them.

**REPORTER.**—I'll be careful.

**SECRETARY.**—After plodding along in the dust of the road to his beautiful home on the hill, he donned his golf suit and spent an hour on the links.

He made nine holes in bogey score. Necessarily this should win over the golfers' votes.

**REPORTER.**—Of course.

**SECRETARY.**—Later he repaired to his library where he buried himself in the study of scientific treatises on various subjects written by college professors. He expects members of the faculties of every university to cast their ballots solid for him.

**REPORTER.**—Go on.

**SECRETARY.**—The candidate later drove over to watch a ball game. He grew very excited during the contest, frequently yelling at the top of his voice and cheering every close play. This gives us the baseball fans' support.

**REPORTER.**—Is that all?

**SECRETARY.**—Well, he ate dinner with several friends, showing his usual spirit of hospitality and good fellowship. In the evening he dictated replies to thousands of letters received from people in all walks of life. He retired early.

**REPORTER.**—There's nothing else? I want the story of the day in detail, you know.

**SECRETARY.**—Just a minute; you might state that the candidate took an auto spin during the afternoon. A lot of people have the automobile fever and it won't do any harm to spread the report that he is an enthusiast.

John H. McNeely.



### OPEN THE BOOKS!

**LADY OF THE CHORUS** (to press agent).—See here, Willie, it ain't right for Taft an' Bryan t' be getting all the advertising out of this publicity stunt. Just you rustle down t' the papers an' give 'em a spiel about us chorus ladies; that recognizing the great moral movement, we've decided t' make public all gifts of a ten-spot or over, who gave 'em an' what we done with the money!



# PUCK

## MUSCA DOMESTICA.

**B**ABY BYE, here's a fly;  
We will watch him, you and I,  
Lest he fall in Baby's mouth,  
Bringing germs from north and south.  
In the world of things a-wing  
There is not a nastier thing  
Than this pesky little fly; —  
So we'll watch him, you and I.

See him crawl, up the wall,  
And he'll never, never fall;  
Save that, poisoned, he may drop  
In the soup or on the chop.  
Let us coax the cunning brute  
To the tempting Tanglefoot,  
Or invite his thirsty soul  
To the poison-paper bowl.

I believe with six such legs  
You and I could walk on eggs.  
But he'd rather crawl on meat  
With his microbe-laden feet.  
Eggs would hardly do as well;  
He could not get through the shell.  
Better far, to spread disease,  
Vegetables, meat, or cheese.

There he goes, on his toes,  
Tickling, tickling Baby's nose!  
Heaven knows where he has been,  
And what filth he's wallowed in.  
Drat the nasty little wretch!  
He's the deuce and all to ketch.  
Ah! He's settled on the wall!  
Now the thunderbolt shall fall!

Baby bye, see that fly?  
We will swat him, you and I! *B. L. T.*



## THE GIANT FAN.

WHEN THE WEATHER BUREAU WON'T GIVE US A BREEZE, WHY  
NOT RESORT TO ELECTRICITY?

## TAMPERING WITH THE DAY'S LENGTH.

**J**OSHUA had a corner of the Elysian fields where he received, with fine old Hebrew courtesy, such new shades as considered him worth cultivating.

"And you made the sun stand still!" was the common exclamation of these. Joshua bowed, deprecatingly.

"The difficulties were by no means what they would be at the present day," he protested. "The conditions were so different. For instance, the eight-hour sentiment didn't begin to affect so many voters. No, I doubt if I should venture such a thing, now."

But when was it not the nature of your great military hero to be modest?

## CHANGE OF AIR.

"THE cattle be actin' kinder skittish to-day, Josh. Hain't been leavin' the jug lyin' around, have ye?"

"Naw; but I allus said the pasture was too blamed close to the track. A carload of politicians went by yesterday an' I guess they had their winders up."

## MORE TO THE POINT.

**D**INAH LILYWHITE.—Ya-as, indeedly; it am all ovah between me an' Sam Johnsing.

**MANDY SNOWDROP.**—Do yo' eveh wish yo' could recall de past?

**DINAH LILYWHITE.**—Recall de past? Why, dat no 'count niggah hain't eben got de decency foh to send back mah presents.



"What you need, old man, is a quiet day's fishing."



## POP-OP-OP-OP-OP-OP!

THE QUIET DAY'S FISHING. THEY RECKONED WITHOUT THEIR  
MOTOR-BOATS.

*Some people marry at leisure and repent in haste.*



THE PUCK PRESS

WHY NOT INTRODUCE A LITTLE NOVELTY

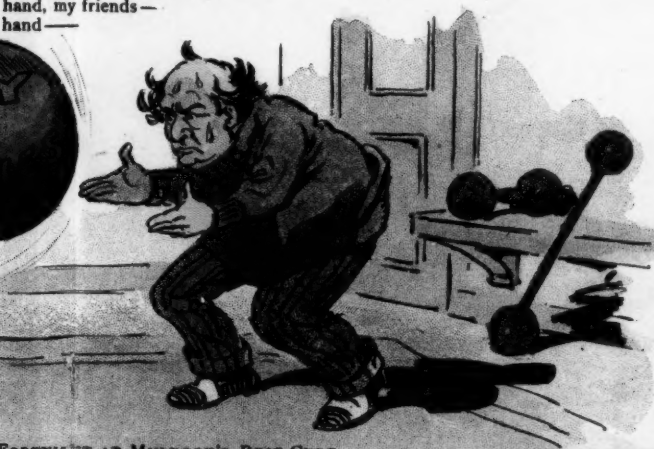




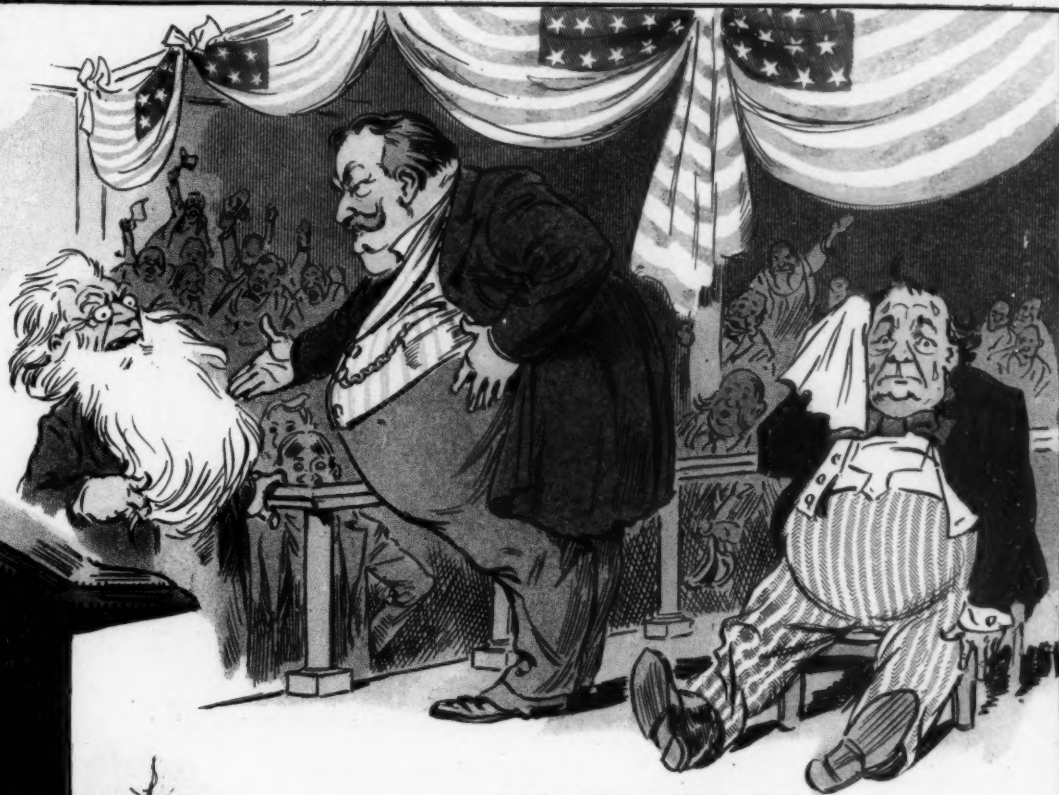
AFFECTION FOR THE FILIPINO.



DEBATE.  
hand, my friends—  
hand—



FORTNIGHT AT MULDOON'S REST-CURE.



DOUBLE SHIFT ON HANDSHAKING.

"I want to shake hands with William Jennings Bryan, by gravy!"  
"Allow me. Mr. Bryan does not go on duty again until three o'clock."



AWARDING PRIZES AT COUNTY FAIRS.

NOT FAR OFF.



HE gifted, erudite and eminent Professor De Freague, occupying the Highball Chair of American Literature, was addressing his class in the University.

"Unquestionably the first achievement of our day and time has been accomplished by the author of 'The Green Scream.' This novel is so far in advance of novelist Blithers' 'Pink Cyclone,' or that dilettante bit of fiction by McBleed of Kansas City which we yesterday discussed, that 'The Green Scream' is distinctly in a class not hitherto existent. Mr. McBleed's 'Purple Pest' was ny-ther virile nor nasty. The action was decidedly slow, murders barely averaging three to the chapter. The art of 'The Green Scream' is in this regard magnificent; the love interest is perfectly sustained; the reader's attention is held constantly to matters of moment.

"Observe the subtle skill with which the author introduces his hero and heroine: The hero steps into an express elevator of a thirty-seven story office building, downward bound, at the twenty-fourth floor. A beautiful young woman whose hat softly shades her eyes and half conceals but ravishingly accentuates her Persian blonde hair is beside him as the elevator speeds downward. At the nineteenth floor the hero is beside himself for love of the lady, who—note this touch of verity—is still beside him. At the twelfth floor (last stop) a person with villainously dark eyebrows and a sinister expression boards the elevator. He looks insultingly at our hero's lady-love. The hero shoots him dead at the eighth floor. Emerging at the ground floor from the elevator in the midst of the mildly amused passengers (pretty touch, that) and looking soulfully into the burning eyes which tell to him the sweet old story of love unspeakable, the hero is about to escort the heroine to the street; already he has asked her her name; blushing shyly in the half-



THE SUMMER CUPID.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY MAKING-UP FOR THE DAY'S WORK.

asked by some young gentleman in the back row.) H-m! Yes—the author's name—Well—er—it is published only under a pen name: 'Hithard Hasheesh.' What's that? Do I know his real name and identity? Really, gentlemen, you embarrass me. I wrote 'The Green Scream,' myself. I needed the money."

And still the Public bites.

Fred. Ladd.

FATAL.

CHOLLY.—Me deah boy, why do you have the bandage around your head?

REGGIE.—A thought struck me.



HIS WIFE.—Why, Father, how careless of you! You know how fruit-juice stains!



HIS DAUGHTER.—Gracious, Pa! You've dropped some on your shirt!



HIS SON.—Nice work, Pop! There goes another load!



FATHER.—By cripes, I've stood this long enough! No! Never mind where I'm going!

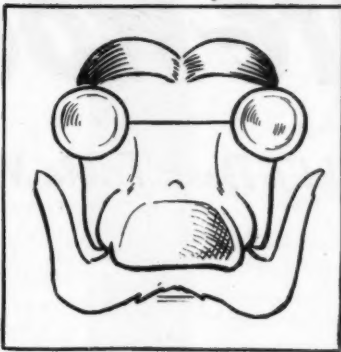
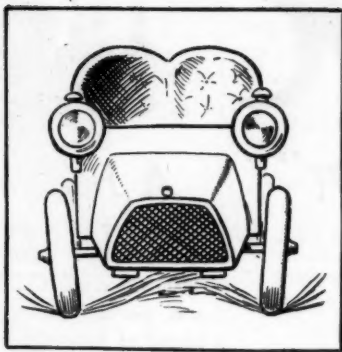


FATHER (five minutes later).—Now I can eat these peaches in comfort!

light she told him. But—h—!! The police are come. He is arrested for murder. Rapid action is now sustained admirably: the hero shoots three policemen; he hurls his lady into a derelict automobile, which proves to have grand speed capacities; they escape to Brooklyn; they run the gallant auto to the end of Long Island; they plunge into the sea, with the accursed police, and several infuriated natives whose truck gardens they have ruined running cross lots, in hot pursuit. They find, by the rarest piece of good luck, a two-thousand horse-power electric motor boat with a siren whistle, wallowing about in the raging waters. It at once occurs to them to get in. The motor boat is painted green. They like it all the better for that, being Irish. They christen the boat 'The Green Scream.' This is surely a charming touch, and supplies, as it were, the *raison d'être* of the story. The baffled police are left helplessly behind, and the parties in the boat escape to Europe and thence to Asia, where they are secretly married in an air-ship. But they never lose their love for the good old craft, 'The Green Scream.' As it hallowed their early youth, so it blessed, and ever will bless, the oft recurring days and nights of the years of their lives.—This is the author's climax:—beautiful, is it not?



# PUCK



THE MAKING OF AN AUTOMOBILE FACE.

## THE DELICIOUS HOLIDAY FLAVOR.



"AND what is this?" The visitor, who was being shown the printing plant of his favorite magazine, stopped before a cabinet labeled, "Holiday Shifts."

"This," said the guide, "is our case of holiday stories. You see"—he opened one of the drawers—"we keep the key line already set up so we can change any story into a holiday story on a moment's notice, or can shift a story along from one holiday to another."

"Key line?"

"Yes, the thing that gives it the holiday spirit. To illustrate: Now here already in type"—he led him across the room—"is one of our ordinary, quick-movement, lightweight, happy-ending love stories. Before going to press the foreman looks up the calendar to see if there is a holiday next month. If there is, he glances along the column of the story until he reaches the climax. Here it is:—

"Agnes slipped out to her motor car and started for a spin. The road was fine; for five miles it ran straight as the path of a comet. She let out the machine and it went thundering on at a terrific, dizzy speed, but she scarcely noticed the matchless beauty of the swiftly flying landscape. Her heart was full of bitterness and regret. She had finally decided never to speak to Allerton McFarlen again. Suddenly a large green car swept in from a side-road. She gave a quick turn, but too late. There was a crash, and a moment later she knelt beside Allerton McFarlen tenderly wiping the blood, and grease, and gasoline from his face."

"Now," continued the guide, "suppose the next holiday is Thanksgiving. The foreman goes to the drawer, takes out the key line and inserts it just here, so it reads:

"Thanksgiving morning while the guests were making merry at the old homestead, Agnes slipped out to her motor car, etc., etc."

"Suppose the holiday is Christmas. He takes this one:

"Late Christmas eve while the powdery snow filled the air, there were yet a few gifts to be delivered to the poor. Agnes slipped out to her motor car, etc., etc."

"Again, maybe it is Easter. This time he gets this line:

"It was a beautiful Easter morning. The lilies lifted their faces filled with purity and hope toward heaven. The family was ready for church, but Agnes slipped out to her motor car, etc., etc."

"Perhaps it is the Fourth of July. Here is the Key:

"The flags were out everywhere. The boom of the cannon announced the starting of the parade. The bright cavalcade led by the old General turned the corner. Agnes slipped out to her motor car, etc., etc."

"Very convenient," conceded the visitor.

"Yes," said the guide, "and it gives our magazine that delicious holiday flavor frequently mentioned in our advertising department."

William H. Hamby.

## BY PROXY.

PRISCILLA laudeth not her skill  
In rare housewifery.  
She smiles—but modestly is still,  
Touching her industry.

Yet are her talents widely known,  
And how she doth excel.  
The explanation? I must own,  
She makes each minute tell!

Aldis Dunbar.

WOMAN is called the heart of society,—money the blood of trade; and so we have the heart of society keeping the blood of trade in circulation. If woman were to stop beating—



## ON THE LAWN.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Why do people speak of a plague of caterpillars? It seems to me they are a delightful convenience.

**A**ny law which compels a pig to take his feet out of the trough is confiscatory—in the eyes of the pig.

NECTAR  
OF  
THE  
GODS

NECTAR  
OF  
THE  
GODS



## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN AND YELLOW

FOR CENTURIES THE  
GRAND FINALE TO THE  
WORLD'S BEST DINNERS

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

The Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book,  
sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.



HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

PAPA.—Come on back, Bobbie. What if you did take a tumble?  
All you need is a little sand.

BOBBIE.—That's j-just it. My mouth's full of it n-now.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean  
steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters.  
Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

## Club Cocktails



### A Bottled Delight

A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—an expert blend of fine old liquors, measure-mixed to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even, exquisite flavor.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G.F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

MR. ROOSEVELT is not in the game, but he sticks close to the coaching line.—*Washington Star*.

## Pears'

A soft, white skin gives charm to the plainest features.

Pears' Soap has a message of beauty for every woman who values a clear complexion.

Sold wherever stores are found.

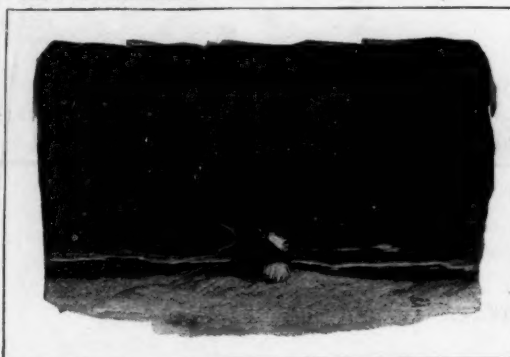
**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 266 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

## PUCK PROOFS PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK



THE LOVE SCENE.  
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



A SUMMER CONSTELLATION.  
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.  
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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**TIME AND MONEY.**  
The flowers bloom;  
The flowers die.  
Vacation days  
Go swiftly by.  
They heard him murmur  
With a sigh  
"The days are shorter—  
So am I!"  
—*Washington Star*.

SEVERAL leading New York banks have decided that they don't want government deposits if they have to pay interest on them. How times have changed recently!  
—*Atlanta Journal*.

COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE wants an allowance of \$60,000 per year from his ex-wife. Evidently, Boni has decided to quit the cane-smashing business. — *Washington Herald*.

# El Principe de Gales

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### Cigars and Cigarettes

**For 65 Years the Standard**

They are today the best known and most popular of high-class Havana Cigars, and enjoy the largest sales of any brand of Havana cigars in the world.

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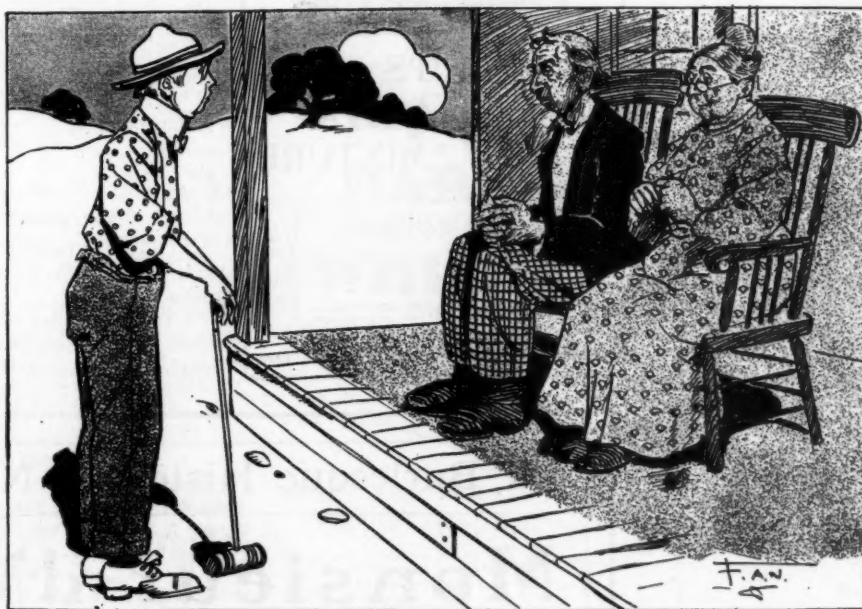
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#### CONSERVATIVES.

**SUMMER BOARDER.**—Do you care for croquet, Mr. Dryacres.  
**MR. DRYACRES.**—Well, no, not 'specially. Mother an' me are kinder slow t' take up these here new-fangled games. We're sorter partial t' parcheesi.

Hotels and restaurants should have a bottle of Abbott's Bitters handy in the dining-room for a fruit cocktail. Adds to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

#### MELLOWED BY EXPERIENCE.

"I suppose you have read both party platforms."  
"Carefully," answered Farmer Cornloss. "I always read platforms an' circus advertisements. And I've learnt to feel that maybe the management is doin' its best, even if they don't have everything they was talkin' about in the reg'lar performance."—*Washington Star*.

#### AT THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

**PRESIDENT.**—You must not all speak at the same time. Half of you please stop talking.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

#### TERRIBLE TESTS.

"So you are still looking for an honest man?"  
"I am," answered Diogenes.  
"What is the lantern for?"  
"That's to test him with. I am going to lend him the lantern, and if he brings that back I'm going to try him with an umbrella."—*Washington Star*.

THE mountain may not have gone to Mahomet, but Mr. Taft went to Oyster Bay, all right.—*Washington Herald*.

#### TITLED PRIVILEGE.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Mr. Cumrox.  
"What is that?"  
"How mother and the girls can approve so heartily of my son-in-law's broken English and be so terribly annoyed at my occasional mistakes in grammar."—*Washington Star*.

#### THE OLD-TIME GOSPEL.

"Some folks," said Brother Williams, "is in favor er all de Gospel what don't interfere wid dey doin's, but des let de Gospel shake 'um up 'twel dey thinks de fall chills hez hit 'um, an' dar dey goes—huntin' 'roun fer some er dese new-time religions what never could enjoy heaven, kaze dey don't believe in hell! But I sticks ter de ol'-time Gospel, kaze I got lots er fr'en's, what never will be no 'count 'twel dey is purified an' scorched by fire!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Court of Appeals' decision, it isn't true that Mr. Rockefeller will put down the price of oil.—*Washington Herald*.

GEN. KUROPATKIN has contracted with one of the magazines to tell us all about how it didn't happen as it should have happened during the late Japanese-Russian unpleasantness. It is rather curious that Pat didn't think of this earlier.—*Washington Herald*.

## I N VACATION TIME

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NO SECRET.

"What is the secret of his success?"  
"Why, it's no secret. He had the goods."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Anti-Castro Protective League of Governments grows larger each week.—*Washington Star.*

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Pleasure Bent  
**Evans' Ale**  
Fills the Bill as  
Nothing Else Will



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CAMBRIDGE  
in boxes of ten  
25c

AMBASSADOR  
the after-dinner size  
35c



AT ATLANTIC CITY.

"AND YET THEY TALK ABOUT 'THE SHEATH GOWN.'"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

BRAVING UNPOPULARITY.

"A man should never be indifferent to the good opinion of those with whom he is thrown by circumstances," remarked the philosopher.  
"And yet," answered the common mortal, "we must have baseball umpires and customs inspectors."—*Washington Star.*

POSTSCRIPT TO THE LETTER.

"Anything you want to say, John?" said the old lady. "I've 'bout closed the letter?"  
"Yes," replied the old man. "Long as he's in the city, you might tell him to stay thar till he kin git run over by one o' them ortermobiles; then we may git enough in damages to pay off the mortgage!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FROM AN AUTHOR'S JOURNAL.

There is no inspiration in a garret these days, and when you rent one the elevator man doesn't respect you.

If I could just borrow an automobile for ten days I might be able to get a literary reputation.

This is not the age of literature, when you have to sell a song for a dinner, and then retire early, to dream that you've had supper!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

We advise the "Young Turks" not to get too enthusiastic about the fact that the sultan has granted them a "general assembly." We've had one for years, and we don't know what on earth to do with it yet.—*Chicago Post.*



## SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.  
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.  
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.  
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.  
If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.  
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They weather all weathers—hot, cold, wet or dry they keep their shape, and being linen, look linen—not celluloid or rubber. In every fashionable cut and style. When soiled they wipe white as new with a damp cloth. Wear them and bank your savings.  
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STYLE ECONOMY **LITHOLIN** FIT COMFORT  
WATERPROOFED LINEN  
COLLARS & CUFFS

HE HAS SYMPATHIZERS.

"There," exclaimed Major Shifty, pointing to a notice on an otherwise blank wall, "is a sentiment that I would like to see proclaimed, in circus-poster type, over the doorway of every post-office in the land."  
"What notice?" inquired his dull witted companion.  
"Why that!" viciously rejoined the major, pointing to the offending edict with his cane; "Post no Bills."—*Boston Courier.*

ACCESSORIES.

"Old jokes make a hit in vaudeville that wouldn't go for a minute in the press."  
"That's because the press humorist can't use the slapstick or the seltzer siphon."—*Washington Herald.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

## Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS  
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL  
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

29 Full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIVELL

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Your plot," said the publisher, irascibly, "is melodramatic and artificially complex; your descriptions are obviously inspired by desultory research and your conversation is without point or purpose."

A gleam of hope shown on the young author's countenance.

"That sounds," said he, "exactly like the customary criticism of a best seller!"—*Washington Star*.

THERE is relief in the assurance that a letter of acceptance can be launched without compelling anybody to cheer for an hour and a half.—*Wash. Star*.

OF COURSE, if it was going to be regarded as good sport to carry a contestant over part of the Marathon course, we would not be behindhand in the matter of furnishing steam, gasoline, or electric transportation to our athletes.—*The Inter-Ocean*.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

**A CALCULATING MAN.**  
He couldn't afford to have most of the fun that people go after. When business was done  
He simply went home; and the knowing ones say  
That he surely missed many a headache that way.  
He had no big house to be kept in repair,  
And no automobile to cause doubt and despair,  
He figured that when he had run one and stored it,  
He couldn't afford it.

He couldn't afford to go traveling far.  
He felt not the terrors of steamship and car.  
He couldn't afford to be "sporty" and find  
That along with his cash he had lost peace of mind.  
He sometimes would yearn for a thoroughbred steed  
That would startle his friends with its grace and its speed,  
But he said, when they told him the charges to board it,  
He couldn't afford it.

So he lived in a peaceful, industrious style,  
With time for a song and with mood for a smile,  
And noted how many 'mid struggles for wealth  
As in fortune they gained became bankrupt in health.  
With modest abundance existence seemed fair;  
Superfluous treasure meant discord and care.  
Since he couldn't expend it with comfort nor hoard it,  
He couldn't afford it!

—*Washington Star*.

**I. W. HARPER**  
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who cherish  
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NEW YORK  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

#### ONLY KIND WORDS.

"I suppose you will refrain from abusing the opposition candidate?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "affairs in this wonderful nation have reached a point where a politician takes more pride in his enemies than in his friends."—*Washington Star*.

"Who's this man Kern?" asks Richard Croker. Perhaps Kern feels flattered that Croker doesn't know him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MR. LOEB has doubtless earned his month's vacation, but who is going to hand out all those denials while he is away?—*Indianapolis News*.

THE Omaha woman who was enjoined from talking over the back fence, presumably can show her contempt of court by making faces between the pickets.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

IT WOULD also be a relief to the readers of Mr. Hearst's papers if his Independence League would take some action against the OVERCAPITALIZATION of EDITORIALS.—*Indianapolis News*.

THE political unrest in Persia is said to have seriously interfered with the rug output of the country. "Genuine Persian rugs" will be just as plentiful and as expensive as usual this year, nevertheless.—*Washington Herald*.

IF IT were not for the urgent call of the African jungles, and publishers who are ready to pay one dollar a word for the recital of his adventures therein, Mr. Roosevelt might conclude to run up and discover the North Pole himself. These fruitless efforts of explorers every year look suspiciously like the work of mollycoddles.—*Boston Courier*.

"They're all on the Favourite"

**USHER'S**  
SPECIAL RESERVE  
**WHISKY**

#### AN IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

"Have you read the platform of our party?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornfossle.

"What do you think of it?"

"It's a good platform. But what I want to know is why politics should be the only business that allows a man to collect in advance on the strength of his good intentions?"—*Washington Star*.

CANDIDATE Watson challenges Candidate Bryan to a joint debate. Why not make it phonographs at twenty paces?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## BUNNER'S Short Stories



#### SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

#### The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

#### Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

#### The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

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**IN FUTURE NEW YORK.**

PRESIDENT WIDOW AND ORPHAN LIFE INSURANCE Co. (*showing friend about the latest skyscraper*).—Yes, we got it for almost nothing. The government, in fact, was about to throw the old thing in the scrap-heap, it looked so ridiculously small. It fitted nicely in our rotunda, however.